

# Big Bags

Yung Pinch

Ricky Racks, I see you  
I need big bags  
Audio Cartel shit, baby  
Yeah

I need big bags, yeah  
I need big bags  
Yeah  
I need big bags, yeah  
I need big bags  
Whoa, ayy  
Look  
I need big bags  
Tell me where you get that  
Walked out of the store, I'll pop at least six tags  
That's a big bag, money well spent though  
Mixin' up the Louis with some Chrome Heart kicks, whoa  
Where they do that? somebody come and tell me  
Blew it on my own but I like it when you help me  
Whoa, I think they jealous  
Gucci on my pelvis  
Smoking like a Marley, but living like I'm Elvis (Whoa, whoa, wait)

Everyone worried 'bout me but I hope that they're okay (I hope that they're okay)  
Droppin' the top for the breeze, just grabbed the Porsche today (I grabbed the Porsche today)  
Everyone thought I would leave, nobody thought I would stay (Yeah, nobody thought I would stay)  
Came from the beach, I'm the wave  
There ain't really much else I can say  
They thought I had it made 'cause I never worked minimum wage  
Made the call on my own, followed my dreams  
Suddenly everything changed  
Suddenly everyone needs me  
Suddenly all these girls want me  
Since I gave 'em "Nightmares", I just got all these girls on me

Told her, "Don't forget the rest of me"  
She always takes the best of me, and says she wants the best for me  
I don't care anymore, I swear  
It's just another tragedy of love  
It's just another tragedy, it had to be like this  
It's just another tragedy of love  
It's just another tragedy, it had to be like this (Whoa)

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Took a flight to the West Coast  
Now she thinks it's the best coast  
See me up in my dress code  
Chuck T's, got a white tee  
Got that nice steez  
I think she like me